

THE
L I V E S
OF
JOHN TRUEMAN,
RICHARD ATKINS, &c.

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RICHARD ATKINS,

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THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

R. BLAMIRE, IN THE STRAND.

M.DCC.XCIII.

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T H E
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O F
J O H N T R U E M A N .

MANY lives have been written of men famous in the world; the following is the life of a poor day-labourer, hardly known beyond his parish. His name was John Trueman. His father was a very honest man: but having nothing to live on, except his own labour; he had little to leave his son, but his blessing, and a good example.

When the old man died, John was a servant with farmer Clarke; who took an affection to him from his youth, and treated him like a child. With him he lived nine years, and served him faithfully; having never had any other master; for he did not like change. He was always a clever, active lad; never spared himself; served his master as he would have served himself; never learned bad words; was always endeavouring, in his spare time, to improve himself in reading, and writing; and was such

B

a lover

a lover of truth, that I have heard farmer Clarke say, he never told him a lye in his life. Whether it made for him or against him, (the farmer used to say,) all came out, just as it was. This is a very good property in a young lad; and almost a sure sign, that he will turn out well.

While John Trueman lived with farmer Clarke, he made a strict friendship with one of his fellow-servants, whose name was Andrew Wilkins. Andrew was a good lad; and liked his master: but having a quarrel with the carter, who was a surly fellow, he left his place, and took on with old Michaelson, the thatcher. He was quiet, sober, and industrious; and John and he still kept up their acquaintance; tho they did not often meet together.

In July 1736, farmer Clarke died; and having no children, he left what he had, about 100l. among his relations. He considered John as one of them; and left him 10l.

John was now about twenty-five years of age, and having a few pounds, which he had saved, besides his legacy, he furnished a neat little cottage on the side of the common; and soon afterwards, when he had gotten into good work, married Betty Meadows, a prudent young woman in the neighbourhood.

A little before this time old Michaelson died; (poor fellow, he hurt himself by a fall from

from farmer Rickman's barn, which he never got the better of) and Andrew Wilkins getting into all his work, was accounted the best thatcher in the Parish. He was sent for to all the barns, and ricks in the neighbourhood, and made a great deal of money. It was he, who thatched the farm house at Netherwood; which was thought to be as good a piece of work as any that could be seen in ten parishes. John still kept up his friendship with him; but they seldom saw one another, except on Sundays; when they commonly staid, with two or three other young fellows of the parish, to sing a little after service, (for they were both good singers) and in summer would sometimes take a walk together in the evening. The first piece of work Andrew did, after he set up for himself, was thatching John's cottage. He would take nothing for his labour; but John soon after gave his little girl (a niece, who lived with him) a prayer book, and a new hat.

In this cottage John brought up a large family, three sons, and four daughters. Yet he could never be said to have a family of seven children on his hands. They were soon taught, as they grew up, one above another, to do something for their own maintenance. His wife not only spent frugally, what her husband earned by his labour; but likewise added to it by her own spinning, and knitting; and that of her daughters.

Their money did not go to the grocer's for tea, and sugar, and butter. They lived hard ; but the children were tight, and the cottage neat. If a neighbour came in, Betty still continued her work. She had no time for gossiping, and tea-drinking. She herself rarely went out, except to church ; and now, and then to market with a few chickens, or a young goose. And yet, if she could be of any use to a sick neighbour, nobody was more ready. Many a piece of good advice, she would give her neighbours, when she thought they wanted it : and she had that pleasant way of giving advice, which always brought it home to the point she aimed at ; and yet without giving offence.

One day Mary Roper came in with a new scarlet cloak on, bordered very finely with a piece of white catskin. And, pray, how do you like my new cloak, said she, Betty ? I like it very well ; said Betty ; what might it cost you ? Fifteen shillings, said Mary Roper, which I earned myself last august, at the Squire's. Betty Trueman, continuing to turn her wheel, began carelessly to enquire into the price of shop-goods—what brown linsley was a yard?—what dowlas?—and how much cloth would make one of her girls a shift ? When she had gotten all out of poor Mary, she wished ; “ Now, said she, neighbour, (stopping her wheel,) I'll make free to tell you a piece of my mind. You see you have

have spent as much on a cloak, as would have bought nine yards of dowlas, and a good brown linsley cloak besides, which would have kept you as warm, as this scarlet one. If you had been as able as Mrs. Ivyson, I should have thought it suitable, and should have said never a word: but with such families, Mary, and such means, as you and I have, I should have been as much ashamed of going about the parish with a scarlet cloak that cost me fifteen shillings, as I should have been of going about with three of my children's shirts pinned to my back. Mary Roper, who did not see what her neighbour had been driving at, till it came suddenly upon her, was very much hurt, and said she would never put on her red cloak again, as long as she lived. She should always think, when people looked at her, that they saw three of her children's shirts pinned to her back. Nay as to that, said Betty, as it is bought, you had better wear it: but such people as we, Mary, have nothing to do with finery. We should make every penny go as far as it can. Our chief shew should be in keeping our children tight, and clean. As to the money's being of our own earning, I think nothing of that: for why should not the mother's earnings go to maintain the children, as well as the father's?"

In John Trueman's family every thing, that was earned by the father, the mother,

or the children, went all to one common stock, and answered the best end; and though they were oftner than once visited by sickness (once five of them had the small pox together,) yet they always got out of their difficulties themselves; and never had a single farthing from the parish. In the midst of all their poverty John always contrived to have twenty or thirty shillings tied up in a bit of rag, against a rainy day. *Nobody should live upon alms*, he used to say, *but people who have lost the use of their hands, and feet.*

This worthy man not only set his family an example of industry; but of every thing else, that was good. Nobody ever heard him swear an oath. He had been brought up himself in the fear of God; and he brought up his family in the same way; teaching them to pray morning, and evening, to beg God's blessing on each day; and to thank him at night for his mercies. He was strictly honest—was gentle, and kind to every body—and was so sober, that I have heard him say, he had not been twice in an ale-house during his life. He was a great enemy to ale-houses in general; but especially to pot-houses*. He believed nothing corrupted young lads so much; and used to say, he wished to have it written over the door of every one of them, in large letters, **THIS IS THE DEVIL'S SCHOOL.**

He

* The pot-house sells liquor without a licence, and is commonly more frequented by bad people.

He always detested the pot-house: but particularly, at this time, he had the affliction to find, that it, and the ale-house, had been the ruin of his friend Andrew Wilkins. Andrew had long been one of the soberest fellows in the parish; and perhaps might have continued so, if he had had his friend John Trueman always at his elbow. He was one evening, against his inclination, seduced into a pot-house. This was the beginning of all his misfortunes. Once going is a step towards going a second time; and a second time is two steps; and leads directly to a third. Poor Andrew took several; and began to love liquor. Then it was over with him. John Trueman saw very little of him; for he seldom came to church. He next began to neglect his business: and it was then that young Simpson got into the parish; and did most of the thatching work. After this, poor Andrew began to run into debt. He owed three pounds at the chandler's shop; twelve pounds at different ale houses, and pot-houses; and seven shillings at the baker's. During the course of all this mischief, John Trueman often undertook to set him to rights. "Come, my man, he would say, pluck up a good courage: leave these cursed houses: set heartily to business; and you may yet do well." Now, and then poor Andrew made a faint endeavour: but he fell back again into his old haunts; till at length

his credit being gone, and his debts troublesome, he ran off, and left the country.

In the meantime John Trueman increased in reputation. He did not want the wicked amusement of drinking. In summer, after his work was over, he generally every day spent half an hour, or perhaps an hour, in his little garden—planting his cabbages, and potatoes; hoeing the weeds; and sowing his beans and peas. His wife also persuaded him to take a little field of a couple of acres behind the house, where she kept a cow, which she bought out of the earnings of her spinning; and she found it answered very well. His garden, which was neatly kept, was one of his chief amusements: but the employment, in which he took most delight, was the instruction of his family. Seldom a day passed, in which he did not spend a part, in teaching them their catechism, or hearing them read the bible, or some good little book, which the parson used to give them. It was a pleasing sight to see him sitting with the younger children, one on each knee; and the elder standing round him. Come, Jemmy, he would say to the eldest boy, let your little brothers, and sisters hear how well you can say your book: and then he would make him repeat the creed, the Lord's prayer, or the commandments; and would ask him such questions, as the minister used commonly to ask at church. It was very pleasant also to
hear

hear John and his family singing psalms on a Sunday evening, which they often did. John had an excellent base voice ; and among the rest there were good tenors, and trebles. Indeed John was always thought at church the best of the band

He drew out also several texts of scripture which he called *Christ's catechism* ; and made all his children get them by heart. The minister, one day, saw them ; and said, he could not have chosen them better himself. He was so well pleased with them, that he had them printed out in a book ; and made all the children of the parish get them by heart. In the end of this account I shall give a copy of them.

Above all things this worthy man was cautious never to let his children play idly in the streets on Sundays. They were sure, he said, to pick up bad words, or something or other, that was wicked. If they were ever seen with Bob Webster, or Jere Rymer, whose fathers were breeding them up to the gallows, they were sure of a whipping. But, in general, they were very good children ; and rarely did any thing but what their father and mother allowed. Among other things, he strictly forbid them to go out at night. The devil, he would say, takes that opportunity to lead young lads astray : they generally begin by going out at nights.

Either John or his wife, went always to church with the elder children. The other stayed at home with the younger. No children in the parish were so well behaved at church, as they. They always looked on their prayer-books; and minded what they were about. They took care also, before they went into church, not to have occasion to go out during the service; which many little children do, and disturb the congregation very much. As each of them got to the age of twelve years, their father gave them a prayer-book with gold edges; of which they were always mighty proud.

Thus educated, they not only soon became useful; but had the choice of the best services in the country. Their father however would suffer them only to go where the family was sober, and regular; and the master and mistress set a good example. "I have taken a great deal of pains," John would say, "with my children; and my reward is, to see them well settled. They can all work, I thank God; and are all willing; and I am in no fear of their getting a livelihood any where." This spirit in the father gave the children credit and consequence. They had no occasion to *seek* for places, they were always *sought after*. Thus when lady Lumley wanted one of John's daughters for a housemaid; and sent him
word.

word by Mrs. Jackson, that she had inquired the young woman's character, and liked it very well; John next inquired the character of lady Lumley, and finding she led a loose sort of life, playing at cards on sundays, and keeping bad hours, John made a civil excuse, and would not let Sally go to her. He chose rather to let her go to Mrs. Mears, a clergyman's widow, who lived in the next town; tho she gave only four pound wage; and lady Lumley gave six.

" You are now my dear child, (said John,) going from your good mother, who has always given you the best advice. You must now advise yourself. I hope there is no occasion to give you any instruction about your duty to God, and reading your bible: I shall only therefore give you a little about your new way of life. I have endeavoured to get you into a sober family: but I may be deceived. If you should find it is not so, give me a line; and I'll come over, and advise you. But if the family be a good one, as I believe it is, (for I have always heard Mrs. Mears, and the two misses well spoken of) don't be hasty to leave them; tho you hear of other girls in the neighbourhood; who have less work, and higher wage. Work seldom hurts a young woman in health: but laziness and idleness always do. And as to wage, trouble not yourself so much about that, as about getting a good character. Staying

long in a place is creditable. My good father used always to say ; *A long service is a good inheritance* ; and I found his words true. Besides, it is more profitable : for by going about from place to place, after greater wage, and being often out of place, you lose far more than you gain. Look at poor Bet Nixon. That girl has been in seven places within these two years ; and by always trying to better herself, she is now become as ragged as a colt. How different was Nancy Selwood. She lived nine years with good lady Burnaby ; and was grown quite into her friend ; and I have heard say, it cost the old lady many a tear, when Nancy left her. But when her brother had taken that great farm, and had lost his wife, every body thought it right in Nancy to go to help him. She would not have left her old mistress for any other place, I dare be bound.

John then gave his daughter some advice against fauciness, and pertness, which he said answered no end. If you find, said he, you cannot live happy in your place, continue to do your duty in it, while you do stay ; and give warning quietly.

Before the girl went to Mrs. Mears, her mother also gave her a little advice about dress. "Now, Sally, said she, I desire I may never see you follow any of those slovenly fashions, of letting your hair hang in great bags behind, and dangling in curls upon your shoulders ;

shoulders ; and wearing dirty bits of gauze ruffles, and handkerchiefs, and flapping caps, and bunches of nasty ribbon about your hat. Such things do not become young women at service ; nor any people in low stations. When you go to church, be always neat, and clean, and tight—at all times you may be tight : and when you buy any thing, let it be plain and good, rather than fine. If you were to come home such a flattern figure as Betty Nixon was, when she came from place, I should be quite ashamed of you."

Nor was it only in his own family, that John was of use ; he did many a kind action among his neighbours. His friendly disposition was so well known, that wherever there was any distress, John Trueman was the first person applied to. Many a day's work he gave up to serve a friend. He was considered also as a very good judge among his neighbours ; and put an end to many a quarrel. Sometimes also, though he was one of the most peaceable men in the world, he was known to do justice in a very summary manner himself, where the law was tardy ; and its sentence could not easily be obtained.

He and his sons were at hay-cart. The field was full of people, both men and women : and among them was a tall raw-boned fellow, who as they were resting at noon, began to swear, and talk obscenely

obscenely to the women. One of John's daughters was among them; and John was much hurt with the fellow's impudence; and two or three times rebuked him smartly. But though he turned the laugh upon him, he could not make him hold his tongue. On this John getting up very deliberately, and taking his cart-whip, gave the fellow a smacking cut round the body. A circular stain about his shirt, for he was without his jacket, shewed how ably and dexterously John had applied the lash. Now, my good fellow, said John, remember never to swear, and talk obscenely again, in company with John Trueman. The fellow started up in a rage, and snatching up a pitchfork, swore he would be revenged. Come, come, my man, said John, sit down quietly, and be civil! I have three strapping lads here, who if you dare lift a finger at their old father, will drag you through yon horse-pond. Up started the three lads in an instant, each with a pitchfork in his hand; and the fellow, not chusing to meddle with the old man, went off muttering, that if there were justice to be had either for love, or money, he would have it.

John was a man of such good natural sense, and so well informed for a common person, that he had always something to say that was proper on every occasion. If he ever heard a lad swearing for instance; he would
tell

tell him, swearing was hard work, whatever he might think of it. It was working for the devil without wages. Thou'lt get nothing for thy labour, my lad, he would say: and why wouldst thou do for the devil, what thou would'st do for no master on earth?—Or if he saw him going to the ale-house, he would tell him, that a poor lad going into an ale-house, always put him in mind of a silly fish going to drink in a hoop-net. It is easy to get in; but he does not know how to find his way out again.—Or if he met him going to a horse-race—a mountebank—a cock-fight—or a conjurer, he had always something ready to shew him his folly; and how much better it would be for him to mind his business.—How good a divine John was, the following little story will shew.

He was mowing one day with Richard Willet—a fellow of the parish, who was never thought to be over fond of work; and as they were eating their dinner under the hedge, Lord B. came past in his coach. Aye now, says Willet, there's a man that has something to thank God for. He has nothing to do, but to ride about where he pleases; and has a good dinner to go to at noon, and a cup of the best. While we, poor hearts, after a hard day's labour, are glad of a bit of cold bacon to our bread, and a drop of four beer.

How

How know you, said Trueman, that my Lord is happier, than you, or I? Is it riding about in a coach, think you, and eating a good dinner, that makes a man happy? No, no, Dick, something else goes to make a man happy: he must have *happiness within*. If all be true, as I have heard, my Lord has been desperate vexed, ever since the King turned him out of his place. And as he has diced away most of what he had, as I have heard people tell, who have been in London, I should think he has not much happiness to brag on.—But suppose my Lord was ever so happy, what then? Does that make us more unhappy? I durst lay a wager, there is as much happiness in my cottage, as in Bromley-hall.—Besides, what matters it during the little while we live in this world, whether we are lords, or labourers? Did you ever hear, Dick, how far it is to France, or Scotland? And if you were going to one of those places, would you think it was much, if the road, for half a dozen steps—as far as to that gate for instance—was bad? Now it is just the same with regard to this world, and the next. You have heard of eternity I suppose. It is like a long journey, round and round the world, that will never have an end. Now as certain, as you have that knife in your hand, Lord B. and you, and I, have all that journey to take alike. We shall all travel in the

the same way. And what mighty difference does it make, if he go as far as that gate in a coach, and we on foot? At the gate Lord B. must get out of his coach; and we shall be all alike. Then happy he, who has done best. If we have lived well with our little, and done our duty, *as to the Lord, and not unto man*, God almighty will reward us, poor as we are, as much as he will reward my Lord, though he should have done what good he could with his better means. Then what will it signify how we have gone to the gate? Our business is to look to the long journey we have to go afterwards.

Thus this good couple lived, respected by every body, high, and low. It was a great pleasure to the Squire's lady, and her daughters, to take an evening walk to Betty Trueeman's, which was about a mile and a half from them. They used to carry a little tea, and sugar in their pockets; and were sure of a piece of good household bread, and a neat pat of butter. Often too they would bring their company with them; and the neighbours have sometimes seen in a summer-evening a coach, or two standing at John's door.

About the year 1747 a very distressing circumstance happened to this worthy family.

Betty Trueeman had a brother in Wiltshire; who lived very creditably on a little farm on the edge of Marlborough-downs.

His

His wife died, and left him an only son; who, as he grew up, proved a great distress to his father. He would settle to nothing. He kept bad company; used bad words, and got a habit of drinking. About the beginning of march John Trueman was informed of his brother in law's death; and as he was left executor; he took a journey into Wiltshire, to settle his affairs. The most difficult thing he had to settle was young Tom Meadows, his nephew. What to do he knew not. To leave him, was ruin: to take him among his own young folks, was dangerous. After weighing the matter on all sides, John thought, (distressing as it was) he had no choice left, but to take the young man home; and try what he could do with him. John Trueman's manners were exceedingly pleasing; and young Meadows had taken a great fancy to him. John had observed it; and this was the chief foundation of his hopes; as he thought by kind treatment he might work upon him. He took him home therefore, and determined to use him in all respects like one of his own sons, while he behaved well. John, knowing that idleness is the beginning of all wickedness, took him always to work with himself. The young man could not help working, when he saw his uncle work. By degrees, work became easy to him, and he could do a tolerable day's work. John's
sons

sons also commonly worked with them: and when they all came home at night, John had always some innocent merriment, to make the lads chearful, while supper was getting ready. They generally worked by the great; and at the end of the job John divided the money into equal parts; and gave his nephew as much as he took himself; tho his work was by no means equal. He took of him likewise for his board, just the same as he took of his own sons; always telling him, that if he could do better, he was welcome. By treating him in this generous, kind manner, he daily gained more and more upon him: and the young man himself began to find more pleasure in sobriety, and industry; than in drunkenness, and idleness. The example also of his cousins had great weight with him. He began to be intimate with them; and to be better pleased with the innocence, and chearfulness of their company, than with the rioting, swearing, drinking, and obscenity of his former companions. Not but that he once, or twice broke out—once particularly at the fair, when he met with one of his old friends: and two or three times his uncle heard an oath, and an obscene jest come from him: but as he saw that the young man, on the whole, meant to do well, he treated him with great kindness; and when he found fault with him, did it like a friend.

Young

Young Meadows had now been about four years with his uncle ; and was come of age ; when John took an opportunity, one day, to carry him into the fields privately ; and thus spoke to him. " You know, Tom, you have often heard me say, I would do what I could to recover for you what little matters your father left : and every now, and then I told you, I was doing my best. I'll now tell you what I have done. After your father's debts were paid, (most of which, I find, you occasioned,) the sale of his stock cleared 97l. 10s. I then endeavoured to get in what was owing to him, particularly that debt of Gray's : and I believe we have done the best. We have collected 43l. I have also sold the little tenement near Burnt-wood for 55l. Out of this money good Mr. Webb, whom you remember, and who has done all this business for us, charges only 5l. which I thought very little, as lawyer's work, I know, is costly. So that you see by this account, you are worth 180l. 10s. and some little interest which we are to receive at Michaelmas, for part of it, during the last two years, will bring the whole, as you will see, to near 200l. John then put the accounts into his nephew's hand ; and told him, Mr. Webb desired, when he had examined them,

them, that he would sign them. And now, said John, the next question is, what is to be done with all this money?

Many young lads, thus made suddenly rich, would have had a hundred schemes at once. Young Meadows had but one. He was now thoroughly reformed; and as thoroughly convinced of his uncle's care and kindness. He was a sensible lad; and clearly saw, how kind a part his uncle had acted. He told him therefore how much obliged he was to him for saving him, and his little fortune from destruction; and if he would be so good as advise him what to do, he would leave the management of every thing to him. Why then, said John, I think you are yet too young to know what to do with it yourself. You had better put it out to use; and let it increase for a few years. In five or six it will increase 50l. and you will then be grown as many years wiser; and may either turn it to farming; or what you like better. This advice was taken; and John got the money well put out by Mr. Webb's means. But before this was done, Tom Meadows, who was a generous-hearted young fellow, wished to make some presents to his cousins, in gratitude to his uncle for having saved his little affairs from ruin. But John would

would hear of nothing on that head ; telling his nephew,

That none was in a way to give,
Who was not in a way to live.

In about half a dozen years, a good, little farm in the neighbourhood offering ; and Meadows still continuing his love for husbandry-business, his uncle persuaded him to take it ; and assisted him with his advice in stocking, and managing it. Young Meadows was skilful, industrious, and careful. His skill taught him what was best : his industry performed what his skill pointed out ; and his care preserved, what his industry procured. From skill, industry, and care every thing may be expected. Every thing therefore thrived under such management ; and the little farm produced more than many farms of double the rent. His uncle soon advised him to add to it, by taking more land ; but at the same time told him, that a little farm well managed, was better than a large one neglected.

But here I must mention an affair, which made a great change in his life. He had had from his earliest youth a great regard for a farmer's daughter in his father's neighbourhood. She too had observed it, and had no dislike to him, (for he was a pleasing, good natured fellow,) but she
heard

heard all her friends speak of him, as so bad, and idle in all his behaviour, that she never allowed herself to think favourably of him. Afterwards, when she heard from all hands how clever, and worthy a young fellow Tom Meadows was grown, it gave her great pleasure; tho she did not know for what particular reason. Of this young woman Tom Meadows began now to think, when he found himself in a condition to maintain a wife with credit: and he intrusted his faithful uncle with his secret.

This was rather a little disappointment to John, who secretly hoped, that young Meadows would perhaps have married one of his daughters. He would not however allow the thought to take a moment's possession of him; but immediately told his nephew, he had always heard Nancy Freeman mightily praised. But as you have not seen her, said he, for some time, you may now think different when you do see her: or perhaps she may be engaged. I would advise you therefore to say nothing at present; but go, and visit your aunt Grace. There, said John, you will *see how the land lies*; and may act accordingly.

Young Meadows followed his uncle's advice. He paid a visit to his aunt Grace; and finding *the land lay very well*, he mentioned his wishes first to farmer Freeman; and then to his daughter. The farmer had no objection:

jection; and the young woman gave him no denial;—only she wished for a little time to consider about it. Tom however plainly saw he had an interest in her affections. So a second visit to his aunt Grace brought matters to a conclusion; and he came home with the happy tidings, that the 20th of the next month was fixed for the day.

But God almighty leads us to happiness in his own way. The things of this world do not always happen according to our wishes, and expectations: and this should prevent our setting our hearts upon them. It happened so on this occasion. While young Meadows was sitting up his farm-house neatly for his bride, he received a letter by the post on Friday, informing him, that she had been seized with a fever the Sunday before, and was then lying speechless. He immediately mounted his horse, and riding all night, got just in time to receive an affectionate look, and farewell smile, which shot through his heart with a thousand tender feelings, never afterwards forgotten. He saw her at ten o'clock. At twelve she was a corpse.

This melancholy event gave a new turn to the mind of young Meadows. At first all was horror, and confusion around him. His chearful fields, were solitary wastes: the sunshine of heaven was a distressing gloom. The darkness of night was more pleasant

pleasant to him, than the light of the sun. He thought not about his business; but walked among the lanes, and hedges, avoiding his very workmen; and afraid to speak to any body he met. Even his uncle's family he shunned.

By degrees however his mind became more calm. His temper, which was naturally lively, in a few years recovered at times a little of it's cheerfulness. His good-nature began to flow, as usual, to every body around him; and he could join in innocent amusements. The settled bent of his disposition however became serious, and religious. He often used to make a comparison between the wretched creature he once was, given up to drinking, and debauchery; and the sober, innocent life he now led. And with regard to the great affliction he had met with, he could now even think of that with satisfaction. He would say, tho' it was bitter to him at the time, yet it had befallen him through a kind Providence. She was taken to God's mercy, he doubted not; and instead of the many distresses she might have met with in this world, was changed into a happy being. While he himself, had seen in a thousand instances of what advantage his afflictions had been to him. His wicked heart wanted thoroughly to be subdued; and, nothing but so great an affliction as this had been,

could have done it effectually. God almighty had now, he hoped, thoroughly wrought his conversion. He had long seen the folly of wickedness: he now saw the happiness of religion.

With these thoughts the manner of his life agreed. He seldom went from home. He employed his time on the business of his farm; and his leisure on reading the bible, and other good books. His family was an example to all farmers. He was kind to his servants, and workmen; and took care to have them well-instructed. In none of his fields an oath, or a lewd jest was ever heard. As he was much among his labourers, he had a constant eye over them. Every sunday he carried them with him to church; and took care, that the lads went regularly to hear the catechism explained; which he thought was much fitter for them, than for mere children, who could understand but little of what they were told.

He never again had any thoughts of marriage. He had always two or three of the grand-children of his good uncle with him, whom he called his nephews, and nieces; and bad them call him uncle, a name he liked to hear. But, for some reason or other, little Nancy was his great favourite; and always lived with him. Nancy fed the poultry, and took care of the pet-lambs; and as she grew up, had the charge

charge of the dairy. He always expressed the greatest regard for his uncle; and used to shew it to all his relations. His uncle, he would often say, was the great means, under God, of saving him from destruction.

Thus I have put together what particulars I could find of this worthy man. Many of them happened, after that part of John Trueman's life, in which I have placed them, but I thought it was best to put them all down together.

Whether farmer Meadows is now alive, I know not. The last account I heard of him was from one of his neighbours, at Weyhill-fair; who said, he was alive, and hearty; and one of the best men in England. I remember that was the man's expression. But this is now at least seven years ago; and if he be still alive, he must be advancing towards old-age. But it is time now to return to John Trueman.

In the year 1765, James Ivyson died; who was out-door steward, or bailiff to the Squire; and overlooked his workmen and cattle. Every body said, the Squire would appoint John Trueman in his room; because they thought he was the fittest for it. But the Squire was then at his estate in Norfolk; and nobody knew any thing more for a fortnight; when a letter came by the post from the Squire to Mr. Trim, his honour's attorney,

ney, desiring him to get John Trueman to look after his affairs, till his return; when he should satisfy him for his trouble. After the Squire came home, nothing more was said. The Squire however ordered the Wood-house cottage to be fitted up very neatly, and furnished. Then people began to change their minds, and think it was for the young man, whom the Squire had brought with him out of Norfolk; and who, it was said, was going to marry madam's maid. But Mr. Trim told farmer Weeks at the vestry, that he still believed John Trueman was the man; though the Squire, who commonly kept his thoughts to himself, had said nothing certain to him.

However so it was: for when all was finished at the cottage, in about two months, the Squire sent for John Trueman into his library; and bidding him sit down, began by telling him, he had always had a very good opinion of him; which compliment John returned by telling the Squire, in the frankness of his heart, that he had always had the same of him. Well, said the Squire, I value your good opinion, John, more than that of many a man, who wears a better coat: but I did not send for you now, that we should compliment one another; but to talk about business. I think, said he, my honest neighbour, you are now too old to work. I hope, Sir, said John, your honour's tenant, farmer Weeks, did not tell you

you so: I have worked with him, off and on, these fifteen years; and I hope I can do a tolerablisth day's work yet. No, no, said the Squire, Weeks did not tell it me; I speak only from the parish-register: I should guess you are now about sixty. Your honour guesses very well, said Trueman. Last Whitsun-tuesday I entered into my sixty-first year. The Squire then asked John what he made of his work by the year; for he understood that he, and his sons generally worked by the great? Please your honour, said Trueman, I always made enough to live on: but I never kept any count. Well, said the Squire, to cut the matter short, you know something by this time of my business; and I know something of your abilities to manage it; have you any objection to take possession of the Wood-house cottage, and supply Ivyson's room? I shall allow you fifty pounds a year, and some other little perquisites.—Objection! Sir, said Trueman, what objection can I have? But, I think, your honour ought to have objection thus to saddle yourself with an old man, just off his work.—Why you contradict yourself, John, said the Squire smiling: you told me just now, that farmer Weeks would tell me a different story. However, continued he, it is of no consequence; for it is not the use of your hands that I want, but of your head. I do not want you to work yourself;

but to see that other people work. As I have a great many labourers about me, I want a good eye over them: and if I am not mistaken, you have both spirit, and honesty to do the fair thing by them, and me. —My wife also tells me, that nobody makes better butter, than Betty Trueman. She wishes therefore to place her over the dairy, and poultry. Some consideration also shall be had for that. One of her daughters, I think, lives with her; she may still continue to do so; and I will pay her wages, as your wife's servant. And as for your sons, if you can employ them all about the grounds, I shall be glad; for I am told, there are not better working lads in the parish.

Trueman felt more for all this goodness, than he could well utter. The Squire however understood by his looks, what was in his heart. In short, it was agreed, before they parted, that John should take immediate possession of the Wood-house cottage; which was a neat, thatched, brick building, consisting of four good rooms, and out-houses; surrounded on three sides by a large oak-wood, from which it had it's name, and open in front to a meadow, with a stream at the bottom, and a fine view into the country beyond it.

On the evening after this conversation, John called such of his children together, as were at home, and told them all that had
 . passed

passed—how kind God had been to him—and that, next to God, their best services were due to the good Squire. I always had a secret trust, said John, that God, who is the poor labourer's truest friend, would never forsake me in my old age; nor suffer me to be a burthen to the parish.

John then told them, that though people commonly bequeathed their goods at their death, he chose to bequeath his in his lifetime: for he had now, he said, no more occasion for them. The good Squire had provided for all his wants. He then produced his little stock among them—his cow—his pigs—his poultry—and household furniture. Every one was to chuse in order; and the mother was to chuse for the three daughters, who were out at service. It happened however, in this family distribution, that the youngest came off the best; for the eldest refused to take the best things, lest they should injure the younger. The cow was left to the last. Well, says John, since none of you will take the cow, if you are all willing, we'll give her to Tom; for he is the only one among you, who is married, and has a family; and milk will be more useful there, than any where else. This proposal pleased them all, but Tom; who would not accept the cow on any account. The dispute however was at last ended by giving her to Tom's eldest son, John, a little chuffy boy,

boy, who was just old enough to be taught to say "Tank you, granfar, for Cherry."

But the goods, which the old man prized most, were not yet disposed of. These were his tools. There was not a man in the parish, who had so complete a set of tools of every kind as John Trueman. He kept them all in the nicest order; and used to call them his hands; and would thank God for giving him so many hands, that if one should be disabled, he might use another. The only thing, in which John ever shewed any backwardness in assisting a neighbour, was in lending him a tool. But he had often suffered for his good-nature; and found nobody so exact about tools as he was himself; nor that shewed the care for them, which he thought a good tool deserved. These tools he distributed among his sons—a scythe, and a couple of bill-hooks to one—a couple of spades, and a pickax to another; bestowing at the same time some commendation on each tool; and telling his sons, that these tools, under God, had been the support of them all—and that he who did not value his tool, seldom cared much about his work.

John having thus disposed of his goods, had nothing now left, but to settle his family. Tom, the second son, who was married, was put into immediate possession of his father's old habitation. The eldest, and youngest, John proposed to take with him to the Wood-house

house cottage, as soon as they could handsomely leave their master; for they both worked with the same farmer. Jenny, of course, went with her mother.—Thus these pious parents found themselves happily provided for in their old age, by the blessing of God; who never forsakes his religious servants; but always in some way supports them. John used often to say, God was the poor man's only friend. The rich may take comfort, if they can find any, in their riches, and pleasures; but the poor man, he would say, has nothing to depend on, but God. It is his business therefore certainly to make God his friend.

John having now settled his affairs, took possession of his cottage, and new employment: and that he might make the better appearance, he laid aside his old working jacket, and wore every day his best coat; which had served him nine years for a Sunday's coat; and had been every week carefully laid by in the chest. He now bought a new one for Sundays. His wife also laid aside her linsley gown; and, except when she was about some dirty work, put on always her camblet one.

John lived in his new employment twenty two years; and the Squire was so well pleased with him, that he was often heard to say, if he had had him ten years before, he should not only have had his work better done; but should have saved many a pound:

for tho James Ivyson was always reputed, and was in fact, a very honest man, yet he had not that spirit, and commanding way with him, of keeping people to their work, which John had. And yet John was beloved by all the labourers; for he was always doing good turns to one, or another with the Squire; and plainly shewed that he did not want to get all favour to himself. Indeed he was continually applying to the Squire, or his Lady, not only for the labourers; but for any of the parish, whom he thought proper objects. The Squire, and his Lady were the friends of the poor, and always ready to incourage his applications; well knowing both his honesty, and his judgment. John's rule was, to speak to the Squire about the men; and to his Lady about the women, and children.

The Squire generally, after breakfast, took a walk among his workmen; and after he and John had talked over the business of the day, John took that opportunity to introduce his other business. Poor Tim Jenkins, please your honour, said John to him one day, has got into a sad scrape. The poor lad works with farmer Sykes, and had been sent by his master with a gun to terrify the rooks from the corn; when a hare popt out, and Tim, silly lad, could not help shooting at her, and unluckily killed her. Just as he was taking her up, who should
come

come riding down the lane, but Sir Thomas's steward. He took down Tim's name, and told him he should hear from Sir Thomas by and by; and the poor lad hears, that Mr. Trim has orders to proceed against him; so I fear he will get into some mischief, (for Sir Thomas, your honour knows, is young and hot,) unless you will be pleased to write a bit of a note to pacify him: I know he will refuse your honour nothing: and the poor lad is in a world of trouble for what he has done. He never was a poacher in all his life; and I dare be bound, he will never do such another thing again. — The Squire promised to write a note that evening to Sir Thomas; and was going away, when John called his attention again. Sir, said he, I have another little matter to mention. Robin Napper bought yesterday, at farmer Ayles's sale, a score of weathers; which he intends to fat: but as I think his lands are not yet ready for them, I advised him, if your honour has no objection, to let them go a few weeks, in your honour's rough grounds about Mill-pond. I'll take care they shall do no mischief. To this also the Squire consented; and left John very happy in having got a pardon for poor Tim, and the rough grounds for his friend Robin.

The Lady he used to take about the time, when she went to see her poultry, which was generally about eleven o'clock. She

had something of humour about her, and used to say, she never saw John look silly, but when he had some request to make. Whenever she saw him *with that particular face on*, as she called it, she knew at once what he intended to say; and without waiting for his request, would ask, Well, Mr. Trueman, what's gone wrong now? I heard her ask him this question one day, when John, making one of his sideling bows, answered, No great matter gone wrong, Madam, but poor little Rose Smith, that fine little girl you took so much notice of, when you went out of church the Sunday before last, has burnt her leg very sadly; and old dame Plasket has done what she can for her; but it grows worse. Poor Smith, I fear, can hardly raise money enough to pay a doctor; so I thought, Madam, I would mention the thing to you, if you would let me send Mr. Morley to her. — In all these requests it was hard to say, whether the *asker*, the *giver*, or the *receiver* was more gratified.

As John was kind to all the labourers, he was equally attentive to the Squire's business. He kept the people to their work; but without any over-bearing temper: tho it was the more difficult, as he was now placed over many of his old companions. Nobody gave him more trouble, than one Willet, who was always at a loose end. Why now,

Dicky,

Dicky, John would say to him, suppose the Squire should snip you off a shilling or two, from your wages on Saturday-night, would not you say he cheated you? And is it not just the same, if you snip him off an hour or two a day from his work; which you may easily do by working as if you were not in earnest? If the Squire's work be too hard for you, you had better go somewhere else; but while you receive honest pay, do, my man, earn it honestly. — Willet soon after took his advice, and went where he was not so closely looked after. Nobody was a better judge of work, than John. He put nothing hard upon the labourers. At the same time, none of the idle fellows cared much to work under him.

But idleness was not the only thing John used to complain of among the workmen; he was often hurt with a little, dirty, mean, envious temper, which he found among them. If ever he did any of them a good turn with the Squire, he was sure to hear, from one, or another, something bad of the person he had assisted; which was as much as to say, the informer thought he deserved a favour better himself. Tho' the truth sometimes came out on these occasions; yet John was very backward in believing the reports of malice, and envy. He generally lent a deaf ear to them; and instead of listening, would turn another way; and bid one of the men measure that ditch, whether it was so wide

as it should be : or make that part of the drain a little deeper.

While John was, one day, directing some workmen near the great road, he was much affected by a circumstance he met with. A cart came by, with a poor old man in it, who seemed but just alive. Pray, master, said the carter, be so good as to tell me the way to your poor-house. What have you got for us there, said John? A poor strolling fellow, said the carter, who has been hopping about all the parishes of our county, with one leg; and being taken ill in ours, we had him examined, and find he belongs to you; and as we would not rob you of such precious stuff, we have brought him to you again.

While the fellow was making these low jokes, John thought he discovered in the poor wretch something of the features of his old friend Andrew Wilkins, tho he had not now either seen, or heard of him, these fifteen years. He asked the carter his name; for the man himself seemed speechless. The fellow said he could not tell: but on looking into his order; His honour's name, said he, is Andrew Wilkins, knight of the beggars, if you know such a gentleman. John's heart was too full to answer the fellow's inhumanity as it deserved. He told him he would take the charge of the poor man himself: but the carter saying, he durst not shove him out any where,

where, but as the order directed, John went with him to the poor-house, where he saw Andrew laid up comfortably : but he was too far gone to take any refreshment ; and died that night.

John did not fail, the next day, to give the young fellows, who had seen what had passed, a lecture on the subject. " That poor fellow, said he, whom you saw brought to the poor-house yesterday, was, formerly one of the cleverest lads in this parish. I suppose hardly any of you, except Jonathan, can remember much of him. You remember, Jonathan, what a clever lad he was. A more sober, quiet, honest, diligent fellow God never put breath into. He was the best thatcher in all these parts. Where I made one shilling, he made two ; and might have done as well as any man in the country. But the devil, and bad company put it into his head, to go to the ale-house. One sup of beer drew on another ; and that made him relish a third : and when *he began to like it*, all was over with him. So you see, my lads, it is not always beginning well, that keeps us right. A man may be ruined at any time of his life, without his own care, and the grace of God to follow it. Whatever you do, my lads, keep from these bad houses. It will never be well, till the green grass grows in the path-way to all the ale-houses, and pot-houses in the country."

John

John himself took great pains to carry his labourers *another* way. Of one thing he made a point, which was to have them all assemble, every Sunday morning, and go with him to church; except such as had large families, who stayed at home every other Sunday, that their wives might take their turns: and, generally every Easter, they all appeared at the sacrament. In about a year, John had brought them into such regular habits, that it was pleasing to see so many people together so orderly. The Squire had seldom fewer, than thirty, or forty men at work. They were chiefly employed in draining, fencing, and improving a large tract of common, which had been taken in by act of Parliament; and which the Squire was dividing into farms.

About the beginning of february, in the year 1787, John Trueman was taken ill of a sort of pleuritic disorder, which it was thought he had brought on by exposing himself too much to the cold east winds. At first his head ran continually on his business. He could get no sleep. He was sure Wat Nixon would not sink the drain deep enough: for there was a great soak of water, he said, in that place, and a shallow drain would signify nothing. But the Squire assured him, he himself had seen the drain; and that it, and every thing else, were going on very well. The Squire then gave positive orders, that

that nobody, on any account, should speak a word to him about business.

By degrees the good, old man became composed; and all worldly thoughts subsided. No hope of his recovery remained. The evening before he died, the Squire saw him for the last time. He took him by the hand, and asked him; How he felt himself? John said nothing; but gave him a look so full of tenderness, affection, and heavenly feeling, that I heard the Squire say, he would freely give a hundred guineas to have that look exactly taken down in a picture—*It set all the world at a distance.* I remember that was the Squire's expression.

The same evening John saw also, for the last time, his children, and grand-children; and blessing them all sent them to their rest. His wife alone, who would not leave him, sat by him in silent sorrow; and between eleven, and twelve, he went off in a quiet, composed sleep, with his hand locked in hers. He died in the eighty-second or eighty-third year of his age, equally regretted by the Squire—the whole body of workmen—and all who knew him. He was carried to his grave by six of his grand-children, each about seventeen or eighteen years of age. “Well, youngers, (said the clergyman to them, at the grave-side, after the service was over,) you have now followed your good old grandfather to his grave. I hope you will all endeavour

deavour to follow him a little farther. He was a good christian, and an example to us all." The poor lads wiped their glistening eyes with their coat-sleeves, and black gloves; and said nothing: but their hearts glowed within them; and each thought he would do his best to be like his grand-father.

The old man was buried on the north side of the church, near the yew-tree; and the Squire placed a handsome stone over his grave, with an inscription to his memory.

His wife died about six months after, equally beloved, and regretted; and was buried by his side.

After the death of John Trueman, the Squire appointed his eldest son James to succeed him; who having had a better education, than his father; and having been brought more into the world, became a man of more consequence: and was very lately, on the death of Mr. Woodcock, appointed the Squire's principal manager of all his estates, both in Hampshire, and in Norfolk, with a salary, for living, and travelling charges, of two hundred a year, and a good house to live in. Having been more among gentlemen he soon got their manners; and always sat at the Squire's table; except when he had any lords, or other great company with him. Yet he still preserved his father's simplicity of behaviour, changing only his honest bluntness into a little more civility, and

and politeness. — But as Mr. James True-
man is still alive, I fear to say any thing,
which, if these papers should get into his
hands, might offend his modesty.

MEMORANDUM

of 1870

[illegible]

1000

Call the cross upon him, for he crucified
thee. Love the Lord thy God, and let
all nations be in his love, for he
loved the world: let the man that loves
the world, let him be crucified.

CHRIST'S CATECHISM,

Drawn up from Texts of Scripture,

By JOHN TRUEMAN.

Of faith.

HE that cometh to God must believe that he is; and that he is the rewarder of such as diligently seek him.—He must believe also on the name of his son, Jesus Christ; by whom we are justified—and in the spirit of God; which God giveth unto them, who obey him.—To his faith he must add virtue; for by works is faith made perfect.

Our duty to God.

Trust in the Lord with all thy heart. Cast thy cares upon him, for he careth for thee. Love the Lord thy God; and set thy affections on things above; not on things on the earth: for no man can serve two masters:.

masters: we cannot serve God and mammon. In every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let thy requests be made known unto God: for the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous; and his ears are open unto their prayers.—Above all things swear not—neither by heaven, nor by earth, nor any other oath.

Our duty to our neighbour.

Put away lying, and speak every man truth with his neighbour.—Let no man defraud his brother in any matter; for the Lord is the avenger of all such. Be faithful in all things. He that is faithful in a little, will be faithful also in much.—Be kindly affectioned to one another with brotherly love: for if God so loved us as to send his son to be the propitiation for our sins, we ought also to love one another. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath. Charity is not easily provoked: it suffereth long, and is kind. Be kind therefore one to another, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you.

Our duty to ourselves.

Be not wise in your own conceit. God resisteth the proud; but giveth grace to the humble.

humble.—Walk not in rioting and drunkenness; for drunkenness and revelling are the works of the flesh; and they who do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. But temperance is the fruit of the spirit.—Abstain also from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul. Know you not that your body is the temple of God? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy. Fornication, and all uncleanness, let it not be once named among you, nor filthiness, nor foolish talking.—Let every man labour, working with his hands: if any man will not work, neither should he eat.—Be content with such things as you have, for God hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. Having food and raiment therefore, be you therewith content.—Withdraw from every brother, that walketh disorderly: a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.

The conclusion.

Fear God, and keep his commandments; for God shall bring every work into judgment, and every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

THE
L I F E
O F
RICHARD ATKINS.

BEFORE I begin the life of Richard Atkins, I must beg the reader's pardon for a little imposition I put upon him, with regard to his name. In the first edition of this work, I called him Richard Worthless. But many people, who had been in those parts, said they knew no such person; and began to doubt the truth of the whole story. I am thus obliged therefore to put down his real name, which was Richard Atkins. Indeed I was unwilling to put it down at first, because there are two or three in this parish, and perhaps more in other parishes, of the name of Atkins, who are very good people; and I was afraid of giving them offence. I know few better men any where, than Edward Atkins of Leaside; and I never heard any thing bad of Jonathan at the mill; except the story, that farmer Hollis used to tell;

tell ; which nobody believed, as he had a quarrel with the miller.

I must also desire the reader will excuse my calling him the son of a *shoemaker* ; whereas in fact, his father was a *tailor*. But I did this, (for the same reason, as I changed his name,) the better to conceal him ; lest I should give offence.

But now lest the reader should think I have imposed upon him in other things, as well as in these, I desired the church-wardens, and overseers to certify the truth of the following account, to which they had no objection. I have therefore put down their certificate.

WE, whose names are hereunto subscribed, having read the following account of Richard Atkins, son of tailor Atkins ; and having known the said Richard Atkins from a boy, do hereby certify and declare, that we do believe the said account to be a true, and faithful one ; as witness our hands,

JAMES MAJENDIE	} Church-wardens.
RICHARD HOPKINS	
WILLIAM SOAM	} Overseers.
ROBT. TWENTYMAN	

Richard

RICHARD ATKINS was the son of a drunken tailor, who might have had all the business of the parish; if he had not loved the ale-house better than his work.

The man, who neglects his business, will also neglect his family. Young Atkins therefore was left to pick up all the vices, he could find: and as he was an apt scholar, he made a quick progress. He learned to swear about the time he learned to speak. Even his father thought he began to swear too early; and has been heard to say, "D—n you, Dick, if I hear you swear again, I'll lay this stick over your shoulders." But the vice, to which he was most addicted in his child-hood, was lying. Nobody could believe a word he said: and he soon lost the name of Dick Atkins; and was known in the parish by the name of *lying Dick*.—But I shall give such particulars of his life in order, as I have been able to collect; that I may set him up as an example for others to avoid.

As far as I can find, he was at first intended for his father's business: but the father's drunkenness soon brought the business so low, that it could not furnish employment either for the one, or the other. This, it must be owned, was a great misfortune to the lad; and not of his own bringing on: but a sober, steady youth would

have met with friends, who, in such circumstances would have relieved, and assisted him. Lying Dick never deserved a friend. From the first he shewed a bad disposition. Good boys remember the rule they have been taught; and never to do to others, what they would not like to have done to themselves: but bad boys find a pleasure in doing mischief. Dick Atkins was never better pleased, than when he could play a mischievous trick. He liked to throw filth privately on the cloaths of passengers—to shew cruelty to birds, and beetles—to tie ears of corn together in a path-way through a field, to trip people up in the dark—or to knock down a young duck, or a chicken.—But he once severely paid for a piece of mischief of this kind. He met, one day, on the road, a blind beggar led by a dog, and cutting the string, had great pleasure in seeing the poor blind man grope about, on the loss of his faithful companion. This was seen at a little distance by an honest farmer on horseback, who appeared to take no notice, till he came to the spot; when suddenly jumping off his horse, he seized poor Dick by the collar, and gave him such a horse-whipping, as he did not forget for some months after. He then made him kneel down in the dirt, and ask the beggar's pardon; and then pull off his own garters, and tie the dog up again.

But

But God Almighty, who is kind even to the unthankful, and unworthy, and throws opportunities of doing well in their way, if they would use them, threw opportunities in the way of this wicked youth.

He was about fifteen years of age, when his father died. His mother, and two daughters were carried by the parish-officers to the poor-house: but a good lady in the place, hearing that Dick, tho an idle vagabond, was old enough to get his bread, and wishing out of mere compassion to put him into a way of doing well, if he chose it, sent for him, and having clothed him, placed him under her gardener. Here he might have done very well, and recovered all he had lost: but his mind ran on nothing but wickedness. The gardener however being a rough man, kept him in some kind of order by the help of a hazel wand: but he scarce ever durst trust him out of his sight; or set him about any thing, that required the least care. Dick generally did as much mischief, as he did good; and nothing could have kept him so long in his place, but the great desire his good mistress had to reclaim him. Many a time she sent for him into the parlour, on complaints from the gardener. Sometimes she would threaten him,—sometimes she would give him kind admonitions—and sometimes when he had done any thing, that had the least appearance of care, and goodness, she

would give him six-pence, or a shilling, to encourage him. But all was to no purpose; his mind was bent on nothing, but wickedness. After keeping him therefore three years; and forgiving him almost as many faults, as he had spent days in the house, he was obliged to send him off at last, on his pilfering grapes through some panes of glass, which he had broken in the hot-house.

As the manner, in which he was found out, may be a good caution to all thievish lads, I shall relate it. It had long been his practice to pilfer fruits of different kinds, and sell them at the next market by the assistance of Tom Flinch, who had been bound a parish apprentice to a neighbouring gardener. Flinch always sold them as his master's; so the theft passed off very well. But after they began to deal in hot-house grapes, Flinch found himself suspected, as it was thought his master's hot-house could not produce any so fine. He resolved therefore in time to drop the trade. He had a quarrel also with Dick, who swore he had cheated him: and the thing was true enough; for tho they had agreed to share the profits of their plunder equally together, Flinch, who was the older, and more cunning knave, never gave him more than two-pence in the shilling. Flinch however had too much spirit to be called a cheat by a thievish lad, and determined to be revenged. So he wrote the

the gardener a scrawling letter, without a name, telling him how he might catch the thief, who had stolen his grapes. If he would knock gently three times, on wednesday evening at nine o'clock, at the little trap-door, through which bark used to be thrown in, the door would open, and a hand with grapes would come out. The gardener did as he was instructed. He knocked three times gently at the trap-door; when it flew open; and a hand pushed out, with a large bunch of grapes; accompanied with a low voice, Is all safe? The gardener instantly seizing the hand, cried out with a voice like thunder, Yes, all's safe now. He then took a cord out of his pocket, which he had provided for the purpose; and tying the hand tight to a staple in the wall, he went round to discover the owner of it.

And now, while the gardener is going round, let me take the opportunity of giving young people, who find themselves dishonestly inclined, a little advice. In the first place, I would advise them to think better of it, and be honest: for thieving is a very dangerous trade; and is generally sooner or later found out. But if they will not take this part of my advice, and are determined to continue to thief, let me next advise them to be very cautious, whom they take in as partners of their trade: for this partner must at any rate be a knave; and a knave is a fellow,

fellow, on whom they can have no security. I dare say this is good advice, because these were the very reflections, which poor Dick made, as he stood in woful plight, with his arm stretched through the hole, and pinned to the wall, expecting every moment the gardener's coming round. He wished, in the first place, he had never touched the grapes; and in the second, that he had never trusted such a wicked rascal as Tom Flinch.

Poor Dick had just time to make these reflections, when he heard the gardener's foot coming briskly up the gravel walk. The gardener knew well enough, what fox he had caught: but pretending, in the dark, not to know, he took the advantage of a bundle of hazel wands, which were standing against the wall for tying up flowers; and shivered several of them in pieces upon the different parts of Dick's body, as he writhed, and twisted every part towards him; crying out, at every blow, Who are you, you thief? Who are you? speak, you dog, speak: I'll make you speak. Dick screamed loud enough to be heard half a mile off: but the gardener still continued laying on; and crying out, Speak, you dog, speak: I'll make you speak. Turn the other side, you rascal, you'll twist your arm off. In short he gave Dick a most severe beating; and did it on this principle,

principle, that as he knew his good mistress's lenity, he was desirous of execution first, and of sentence afterwards. He was not however satisfied with what he had done; but begged his mistress to let him carry Dick before the justice. There will be no living, madam, said he, if such varmin is not properly catechized.

His mistress however did not care to carry him before a justice; in which I think she was wrong: for a second punishment would have done him no hurt; and might have tended perhaps to give his thieving hands another direction. However she despaired now of doing him any good, and turned him out of her service.

As the reader is made a little acquainted with Tom Flinch, he may be curious perhaps to know what became of him. His history is very short: tho it was not concluded till two years after this time.

Dick, in hopes of appealing the gardener, while he was belabouring him, gave up his friend Flinch, as the beginner of all his wickedness. This, by the way, was a great lie; for at the fair (where generally there is as much bad, as good carried on) Dick first met Flinch; and inticed him to join with him in robbing his mistress's

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I suppose the gardener meant chastised, for catechizing such varmin will not always do.

mistress's garden, and selling the fruit. Before this, as far as I can find, Flinch was an honest lad. The gardener however took no notice of Dick's confession; but went on with the work of correction. Some days after, however, meeting Flinch in the road; Hark you, my lad, said he, come here. Flinch came trembling. The gardener then taking him aside, told him what Dick had said. Now tho I partly believe from some circumstances, added the gardener, that the thing may be true: yet, as I never could believe a word that lying rascal said, I hope it may be false. However, whether it be true, or false, I shall take no farther notice, nor bring you into any trouble.—So take care, and be an honest lad.—This advice, or rather the fright he had received, had such an effect on Flinch, that he kept honest for three months.

The itch of thieving however came upon him again; and he began by half-pennies, and pennies to cheat his master in fruit; which he sold to servants, and others, who, he knew, would buy it without asking questions. This is a very shameful, and wicked practice; for such people not only join in the cheat, by purchasing at an under-price, what they know must therefore be stolen; but they encourage, and bring up thieves. This was the case at present. Encouraged

Incouraged by such people Flinch went on. At length however he began to be suspected; and his master marking some fruit, and finding it gone, had little doubt what hands had taken it. He made inquiry privately at market, and at the houses of his customers; and found, that Flinch had often sold fruit, on those days, when he knew he had sent him out only with garden-stuff. Nothing more remained, but to endeavour to catch him in the fact, without seeming to suspect him. Accordingly one day, as Flinch was going to market with a basket of peas, his master called him back: Hark you, Tom, said he, have I not often forbid you to carry the basket so full? You scatter half of them by the road; and people say there is not good measure. Take a larger basket. Fetch that, which stands in the entry. Tom, after many shuffles, was obliged to fetch it; and his master turning the peas into it, behold! from the bottom came tumbling out grapes, peaches, and plumbs. Flinch, in great terror, was beginning to frame a lie, when his master seizing him by the collar, gave him a terrible shake, and stifled the lie in his throat. You rascal, said he, this trade has been carrying on these several months. I have long suspected you: and now I have caught you.

Flinch was then given into the custody of a constable—committed to bridewell—carried before a bench of justices—and sentenced to be whipt through the town: which sentence his master took care to have executed with sufficient severity.—This chastisement made Flinch an honest lad—that is, it made his hands honest: but in his heart he was as great a knave as ever. He went back to his place; but his master had now taken such a thorough dislike to him, that he was determined, if possible, to get rid of him. While he was taking measures for this purpose with the parish-officers, Flinch, who liked his master as little, as his master liked him, resolved to save all farther trouble on this head, and to run off. What hastened this determination, was the jibing he continually met with from the lads in the town, when he went with his basket. One would ask him, If he had time to count the lashes, while Smith was whipping him? Another would ask, If his back was got well yet? and a third would tell him, he might be ashamed of roaring so loud for a few scratches.

Flinch therefore being determined to leave his master, made up a little bundle of his things privately; and taking the day before him, went off early on Monday morning, before his master was stirring.

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He needed not to have been at so much pains to go off privately; for his master never thought him worth inquiring after.

Flinch took the road into Somersetshire. Here he found the people just beginning harvest; and offering himself to a farmer, as the weather was catching, he got work. After the harvest was over, he still continued with his master, in the room of a sick lad. As his character was not known in this part of the country, he might now have done very well. He had another opportunity. God often gives wicked people opportunities to repent; but they chuse rather to listen to the devil. It happened so on this occasion. Flinch had not been here long, before the devil put wicked thoughts into his head: and instead of driving them out, his own bad inclinations joined with them, and he forgot all the good resolutions he made after his whipping; and the opportunity, which God had now given him of living again with credit.—But I will not stop the story of Dick Atkins by telling all the wicked tricks of Flinch—how he cheated one of his fellow servants of half a crown—how he stole some linen from farmer Rogers's wife—and how he picked up a silver-spoon at Mr. Boothby's, where he had gone upon an errand. I shall just mention the thing, which brought him at last to the gallows. He had not yet

been found out, so like all other sinners, he went from bad to worse.

Flinch, it seems, had learned to write ; which is a very good thing to those, who make a right use of it : but ill-disposed lads turn every thing to bad. If they learn to read ; they read only bad books : if they learn to write, it makes them only more mischievous. Good lads make use of writing to inquire after their friends ; and let them know, they are doing well themselves. But Flinch made a different use of his writing. The devil put it into his head to write a threatening letter to farmer Rogers, without a name, to get five guineas from him. The letter was as follows ; as I copied it out of a newspaper, where it was put down.

farmr Rodgrs

*this is gif you notis that
If you dont pit fiv ginnes Under the blu
ston At the ten mil ston your A ded man so
luk tut From yurs to coman*

Flinch perhaps did not know, that writing a threatening letter without a name, is a hanging-matter ; which in fact it is, if it can be proved. He knew however, he intended to rob farmer Rogers of five guineas ; and that he deserved to be hanged for that.

Farmer

Farmer Rogers, who was a timorous man, was much terrified with this letter, and determined not to stir abroad on any account. But the next day, the exciseman calling upon him, Rogers shewed him the letter. Poh! said the exciseman, it is only the trick of some cowardly rascal—never trouble your head with it. Let us try however, if we can catch him. Leave the matter to me. So Mr. Jackson took Tom Rogers with him, the farmer's eldest son; and together they contrived a box, in which they fixed the lock of a gun; tying to the trigger a purse with a few half-pence in it. They then filled the box with gunpowder; and put all together carefully under the blue stone, as the letter directed. They then went to a house at a distance, which overlooked the blue stone; and relieving each other by turns, they waited for the explosion. The first night nothing happened: but the second night, about twelve o'clock, they saw, and heard the explosion. They immediately ran out; and found the poor miserable Flinch on the spot in a most deplorable condition. His face was all over black, and bloody—he was quite blind—and his right hand all scarified. The next day he was examined before a justice, and sent to Exeter jail; for the fact was committed just within the borders of Devonshire. At the next assizes,

sizes, he was tried. The felony being plainly proved, he was found guilty, condemned, and executed on that day three weeks. The jail-surgeon said, he believed he could never have got his eyes again, if he had lived fifty years. The night before he was executed, he confessed all his wickedness to the clergyman, who attended the prisoners—the linen he had stolen—the half-crown—the silver-spoon; and several other things: but he said, the first person that put any wickedness into his head, was a gardener's lad, whom he had been formerly acquainted with, whose name was Dick Atkins.

One thing I had almost forgotten to mention. When Flinch went first, into Somersetshire, he changed his name. I have heard what name he went by; but as I am not quite sure, I forbear to mention it; as I should be very sorry to say any thing that was not quite true. Indeed I only mention the thing, at all, lest some, or other, looking into the jail-books at Exeter, and not finding the name of Thomas Flinch, hanged at such a time, might suspect the whole story to be an untruth. But Flinch was certainly hanged at Exeter; tho he was hanged by a different name.

Having dispatched Flinch, let us now look after his friend Dick Atkins; whom

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we left just turned out of the service of his good old mistress, for stealing grapes.

Dick had now the world to begin again. His good mistress had given him five shillings to subsist on, till he could get into work; with which Dick contrived to get five times drunk. She had given him also a spade, and a mattock. These he pawned to repeat his favourite pleasure a sixth time.

Being now reduced to necessity, he was obliged to take up his own tools, at the expence of paying a penny a day out of his earnings, for the use of them, and work for the farmers. Nobody could work better, when he pleased; but Dick had no call, but mere necessity. Few therefore cared to employ so idle a fellow, when they could help it.

In the mean time his vices, which increased with his years, began to make larger demands upon him. He had learned early to swear, to piffen, and to drink; but he had now attained his twentieth year; and sought after other pleasures. He began to frequent bad houses—to get acquainted with abandoned women—to attend cock-fights—and to gamble at fairs, and horse-races. These were expensive pleasures; and made a larger demand upon him, than his labour could furnish. In his child hood he had been called *lying*

Dick;

Dick ; because lying was the most conspicuous part of his character. But now he might have been called drunken *Dick*—or lewd *Dick*—or thieving *Dick*—or any other wicked name, that could be thought of.

Among the places, which this abandoned youth chiefly frequented, was a notorious pot-house on the edge of a common. The woman who kept it was a vile prostitute. This house was frequented by all the thieves, cock-fighters, poachers, horse-racers, pick-pockets, and smugglers, in the country : and tho *Dick* learned few new vices among them ; yet he learned to practise his old ones in a more shameless, and open manner. Something new however he was still learning. He learned several new and more horrid oaths, than he had known before : he learned several shifts, and tricks, to screen himself ; and draw in the unwary : he learned also the art, and mystery of smuggling, and of night-poaching, neither of which he had yet practised.

Among the wicked wretches who frequented this house, one of the most wicked, was blear-eyed Ned, the smuggler. This fellow, as the most wicked, was of course the most agreeable to *Dick*. They formed a great intimacy together ; and were scarce ever separate. Among other pieces of instruction, which *Dick* received from this fellow, one was, that it was always better

to have the appearance of some business, than to have none at all—that he himself had been bred a sawyer; that he seldom indeed worked at his business; but that he was always the less suspected from having one.

This advice to undertake a business, which required no work, was very agreeable to Dick. So he became a sawyer, and joined in partnership with Blear-eyed Ned.

Of all businesses, that of a sawyer is best suited to an idle fellow: for tho a sawyer may make a great deal of money, if he be industrious, as many do, yet no business furnishes so many notable excuses for idleness. The partner may be ill; or he may be out of the way; for as the sawyers work in partnership, there are the excuses of two men, instead of one, to avail themselves of. The saw too may be out of order, which is an instrument, that is not so easily repaired.

Besides the occupation of a sawyer, Dick had others. He broke horses for gentlemen; which furnished him with an opportunity of riding about the country; and calling where he knew there was the best beer. He smuggled also a little with his friend Blear-eyed Ned. But poaching was the business he took most delight in. He knew well how to catch game of every kind.

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As this was a business he liked, he made a great proficiency in it. No man knew better how to lay snares for the hare, or the woodcock; or to take at once a whole covey of partridges, or pheasants, as they crept through a hole in the hedge. He dealt a little in venison also. Williamson, the most noted deer-stealer in the forest, used to say, There was not a better fellow for the purpose in the whole country, than Dick Atkins, if he would give his mind to it. In fact *he did give his mind to it*; but having once nearly been sent to jail for deer-stealing, he was rather shy of the business, and thought poaching a safer employment. In these occupations Dick made no distinction of days; only that in general he spent his Sundays either at the pot-house, or the ale-house—commonly at the former; for there he met some or other of his vile companions, and as the pot-house was more out of the way, they could drink, and roar, and play at nine-pins, and swear, and curse, and wager, and blaspheme, with less observation. As to the church, neither his father, nor his mother ever set him an example of going there; and he had now so long neglected it, that he might say, as another wicked drinking fellow once said, *he had almost forgotten what the inside of a church was made of.*

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Having thus taken a view of Dick Atkins as a single man, let us next see him in a married state.

At a farm-house in the parish, to which Atkins belonged, lived a young woman, of the name of Molly Somers. She was the only child of an honest farmer, and her parents dying young, she had been very properly brought up by her uncle John, a very worthy man, who took her father's little farm on his death. By the care, and kindness of this relation, her small fortune, which was about seventy pounds, was increased, when she came of age, to near a hundred. He charged her nothing for her board, and cloathed her besides, on condition of her being useful in the family: and as Molly was a well-disposed girl, they lived together in this way very happily, and both her uncle and aunt were as fond of her, as they were of their own children.

On this girl, or rather on her fortune, Dick Atkins had fixed his eyes. It was some time before she took the least notice of him. However by degrees it was whispered about the parish, that Dick Atkins kept company with Molly Somers, and the thing came to her uncle's ears.

Why, Molly, said he, it surely cannot be true, that you have any thoughts of marrying Dick Atkins?—Molly said, no, thing.

thing.—You must certainly, Molly, continued her uncle, do as you please: I can lay no restraint upon you: I only warn you, that if you do marry him, you are a ruined woman. Such another idle rascal does not live in this, or in the next parish to it. What hope can you have of a fellow, who follows no business; and is drunk almost every day of his life? I have seen many of these idle rascals in my time; and I never saw one of them, that ever came to good.

In the morning Molly told her uncle she had been thinking of what he had said; and would take his advice. Accordingly the next time she saw Dick, she told him she had heard he was a drinking fellow; and as she did not like drinking fellows, he need trouble his head no more about her.

Ah! Molly, said Dick, I suppose uncle John has been telling you all these fine stories of me. But has not you the sense to see the rights on? You are very useful to uncle; and he would be very sorry to lose you. And besides he would not wish you to marry, because he hopes your fortune will go to his children.

This struck poor Molly with the irresistible force of truth. She knew well

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that part of what Dick had said, was true; and she concluded that all the rest was true also. She now saw clearly, that it was not in pure friendship, that her uncle had given her so much good advice; and from this moment she looked upon him as less sincere than he pretended. Of course Dick's interest prevailed, as the uncle's lessened; and the affair went on as briskly as ever.

Well, Molly, said her uncle to her, since I cannot prevail on you in one thing, let me prevail on you in another. Let me intreat you not to marry, till your money is settled upon yourself, and at your own disposal; so that if the worst comes, you may at least have something to depend on.

Molly thought this advice extremely good; and promised to take it. The next day therefore she mentioned to Dick. Ah! Molly, said Dick, this is another fetch of uncle's to stop our marriage. He knows well enough I cannot marry without money. I never wishes to deceive nobody: and I'll tell you, Molly, all the rights. I has been wild formerly—the worse luck. But since I got acquainted with you, nobody never seed me in liquor; no nor never shall. It is true, I has no money; but I can work as well as any body in the parish. What I wishes to do, is to take old Burnaby's farm; and you knows, Molly, one must have a few pounds to stock it. You shall have

have little Lucy Porter for your maid, and there we shall live as happy as the day is long.—But I pray you, Molly, let us make an end of this business soon; that uncle may not make any more delays.

All this appeared so fair, and honest, and reasonable to poor Molly, who had a generous heart, that it overturned at once all her uncle's advice; and the very first account he had, after this, of the steps she meant to take, was from the minister at church, who published the *banns of Marriage between Richard Atkins, and Mary Somers, both of this parish.* This cast a damp on all the congregation; for they all loved poor Molly, and saw she was a ruined woman.

Well, Molly, said her uncle, when he came from church, I find you will take neither one part of my advice, nor the other. The minister has just been asking, if any body knew any cause or just impediment against your marriage? I have told you, Molly, many causes and just impediments against it; but if you will not think so yourself, nobody else can think for you. I have now done with speaking on the subject; and heartily wish you may find this change turn out to your happiness.—I fear it much.

Poor Molly soon found her uncle's fears too well grounded. Her marriage turned out, as every body expected it would do.

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When Dick had gotten her money, he had gotten all he wanted. He had no intention of taking a farm. He carried her to a wretched cottage, almost naked of every necessary. The very thatch was so bad, that the rain trickled through in many places. But with regard to himself he spared no expence. The first thing he did was to buy a horse; a new saddle; a pair of neat buckskin breeches; a pair of tight new boots; and bright steel spurs, with the longest shanks he could get. He was seldom at home, which was poor Molly's chief comfort; for when he was at home, he was generally drunk; and attended by some of his vile companions. At these times she was obliged to see such horrid scenes of wickedness; and to hear such dreadful oaths, imprecations, and obscenity, that her heart sunk within her; and she wished herself dead an hundred times. Dick took great offence at her *mallan chollic humours*, as he called them; and told her, he would never have married her, if he had known, she had been such a miserable soul. Poor Molly could answer him only with floods of tears—or with deep sighs, when her heart was too big for such a vent. When she was in her *fullens*, as Dick would call these fits of despondency, he would sometimes beat her: and once, or twice, he turned her out of doors; and told her, when she had done blubbering, she might

might come in. Once, poor creature! she sat all night in the cart-house. His behaviour was so shocking, that the neighbours interfered; and complained to the justice, which poor Molly herself never would have done. The justice sent for Dick, and gave him so severe a reprimand, that for the future he refrained from beating her; but in all other respects, his behaviour was as brutal as ever.

In the midst of his wickedness Dick was seized with a violent fever. He had been at a cock-fight, where he got drunk; and falling from his horse at night, he rolled into a wet ditch, and lay there till the morning, when he was found, and carried home almost dead. It cannot be supposed, that his wife had much affection for him; but duty supplied the room of affection. His disorder increased; and her attention increased with it. For several nights her cloaths were never off; and the little necessaries she got for him, she was obliged to procure by selling something or other, she could ill spare. But his blood was in such a corrupted state by a constant course of drunkenness, that the doctor said from the first there was but little hope of his recovery. Often when his fever ran high, he was almost raving mad; and his poor wife was obliged to get two or three of the neighbours to hold him down. In these fits he

would

would utter such dreadful things, as terrified all around him. Ah, poor soul, said Tom Davis, I would not have thy conscience in me for fifty pound. At intervals however he was in his senses; but he was then in as dreadful a state. If ever he dropped asleep for a moment; he started, as if he had seen something terrible: and once or twice staring wildly about him, he asked, Where it was? His wife bid him lie quiet, and told him there was nothing. But he cried out, He saw it as plainly, as he did her. What he saw nobody could tell: but it was plain, as Tom Davis said, that his guilty conscience had taken hold of him.

One day when he was in a more composed state, his wife asked him, If he would like to see the minister? to which he consented. The minister came; and sitting down on a chair by his bed side, Well, Richard, said he, how do you feel yourself?—Very bad, sir, very bad indeed.—I fear you are, said the minister: but what is your particular complaint?—I am all over bad, inside, and outside.—I suppose you mean by that, said the minister, that you think your soul, and body both in a bad state. You have, no doubt, led a very wicked life; and if all be true, that I have heard, have been a very grievous sinner.—Too true, sir, said Dick, too true:

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the worse luck. Mother Pitman's house has been the ruination of me.—Mother Pitman's house, said the minister, may be bad enough ; and I believe it is. But mother Pitman's house is no excuse for you. Nobody forced you into it. It was your own doing. Well-disposed lads never go near mother Pitman's house ; nor any other house, which they know is a wicked one ; and will lead them into sin. But there is another house, Richard, which I believe you never went near ; and that is, the house of God. If you had frequented that house, as much as you did mother Pitman's, it is probable you would not have been lying now in all this distress *both inside, and outside*.—Here Dick, laying his hand on his head, (as an acute pain shot through it), cried out, *O God ! O God !*—Aye, Richard, said the minister, (when the poor wretch was a little composed,) the wickedest people cry out upon God in their extremities. And this shews, that all people naturally think God is their best friend in their distresses. If they would call upon him, as earnestly in their health, as they do in their sickness, how happy would it be for them !—*I hope, sir,* said Dick, *that I have suffered so much in this world, that God will be merciful to me in the next.*—And then he mentioned some confused account he had heard of Jesus Christ's carrying

ing a thief to heaven, because he had been crucified for his sins.—I know of no such doctrine in scripture, said the minister, as that he who is punished in this world, shall for that reason escape punishment in the next. We know of no ground to expect salvation, but by leading good lives, and trusting in the merits of Christ to atone for our repented sins—and the only repentance we know of, consists in a change of our hearts as well as our lives. But I have heard other sinners, Richard, besides you, lay great stress on the thief on the cross: but we have not the least reason to suppose, he was saved because he was punished in this world; but because that was the first opportunity he had of knowing his duty, and acknowledging his blessed Saviour. But it is a different case, Richard, with those who live in a christian country. They have many opportunities. God gives us opportunities, Richard; and it is our part to make use of them. He has given you many. Every sunday you had an opportunity. What an opportunity you lost, when you lived with your good old mistress at Grove-place! What an opportunity you lost, when you married this virtuous young woman, whom you have made so miserable! I say not these things to add to your distress: but this is not a time for self-deceit; and I want to convince you,

that all the wickedness you have been guilty of, has arisen more from your own wicked self; and the neglect of those opportunities, which God had given you; than from mother Pitman's house, or your bad companions, who would never have sought you, if you had not first sought them. All you can do now, is to have a deep sense of your own wickedness—to pray to God to forgive you through Christ—and to make sincere resolutions, that if it should please God to raise you up again, you will thoroughly change both your heart and life.

Contrary to the opinion of all people Dick recovered. The minister, on this occasion, came to him again; and put him in mind of this farther great opportunity, which God had now given him. If this was neglected, he warned him of what the scripture said of those wicked persons, whose *latter end was worse than the beginning*. Dick promised every thing the minister wished—he would take up entirely a new life—nobody should ever see him drunk again—nor should hear him swear: but he would keep his church; and mind his work; and take care of his family.

One should have thought that all this would have been a sufficient warning to this unhappy profligate—at least for some time. Poor Molly hoped it, and began to raise her spirits. But alas it turned out otherwise.

otherwise. Let all young people take warning of this, and tremble. When they once get habits of wickedness, it is a dreadful consideration, but it is a very true one, that they hardly ever leave them off. And though they may not go such great lengths of wickedness, as Dick Atkins did (few people indeed do) they may be very bad, and yet far short of him. Besides, when they get once into the train of wickedness, it is impossible to say how far they may go. Let them take warning then from this unhappy young man, who had formed all these dreadful habits of wickedness before he was twenty-eight years of age.

By the time this vile young fellow had recovered his strength, all his wicked habits began again to appear: he forgot all his good resolutions; and all the minister had said to him; and as if he had been losing time by his illness, he appeared as if determined to make it all up. He got again among his old companions; he drank, he swore, he ranted, he roared; and out-did the worst of them in wickedness; making good what the minister told him, that if he did not grow better, *his latter end would be worse than the beginning*: for it is never the way of wickedness to keep at a stand. His wife, as usual, was the object of his resentment on all occasions, when any thing displeased him.

She was always at hand for him to curse, as the cause of every mischief.

Thus they lived together about four years, and had in that time two children. Nothing could equal the distresses of poor Molly and her family. He *would* do nothing; and she *could* do nothing. She was naturally of a meek disposition; and was now become so spiritless, and broken-hearted, that she could do little more than crawl about the house, like a person half dead. Then would Dick curse her for a lazy jade. It was impossible, he would tell her, for him to maintain the family alone, if she would do nothing. If it had not been for her, and her brats, he could have maintained himself well enough. Poor Molly never gave him a word of answer; but sat leaning over the table, resting her head upon her right arm, and stroking the heads of her children, who stood at her knee, perhaps crying for food. Her uncle was her only comfort; and indeed her only support; for if it had not been for him, she, and her family, must have starved. But all that he could do was privately to do a kind thing, now and then, for her. For when a woman has ruined herself by an imprudent marriage, she has put it out of the power of any body to assist her effectually. It is impossible to separate her interest from her husband's: so that
whatever

whatever is done for her, is done to support extravagance, and wickedness. Young women therefore cannot be too careful in keeping company with young men. They may very easily be deceived. They are inexperienced themselves; and had much better take the advice of their fathers and uncles, and other friends, than follow blindly their own fancies.—Let poor Molly's example be a warning to them.

After suffering five years for her imprudence, and folly, it pleased God at length to release her. She was worn down by her afflictions; and being reduced to a mere shadow, could support nature no longer. Her uncle was with her at her death; whom she tenderly thanked for all his kindness. She was perfectly calm, and resigned—she blessed God that her deliverance was so near—and said she had not been so happy since the *fatal day*, as she called it. A tear started in her eye, as she looked at her poor children, who were both asleep on the same bed, on which she lay expiring. Poor little wretches! said she, I hope God will provide for you!—Oh! how I wish this sleep—but I will not say what I was going to say, for fear it should be wicked.—Then turning to her uncle, she said, I dare not ask you to have an eye to my poor children!—But let me be buried near the place where you will be buried; and just

write over my grave, *Here lies one who was deceived in marriage, and died of a broken heart*: but do not put down my name.—Such was the end of an unfortunate young woman, who was every way qualified to have made a married state a comfort to herself, and every one connected with her; if she had only acted with prudence!—One fatal step ruined her!

The melancholy event of his wife's death, of which Dick was as much the cause as if he had shot her through the head with a pistol, had not the least effect on him. He left his children to those who chose to take care of them; and continued his pleasures. The parish-officers calling a vestry, got an order from the justices to take him up. Dick hearing of it, or at least suspecting it, left the country. What became of him, was long unknown. Some said he had been hanged at Gloucester for stealing a horse. But it appeared afterwards that the fellow, who was hanged at Gloucester, was another rascal of his name. Others who knew his face well, said they had seen him in one of the hulks at Woolwich. But that too was a mistake; and these reports only shewed what people thought he deserved. At last however the true account, and all the particulars of his death, came to light. They were brought by a sailor, one John Patterson, who came to see his

his aunt, Mary Green. The account was this.

After Dick left the country, he went to sea with some smugglers: but in their way from France, they were pursued by a cutter. When the cutter came up with them, they were imprudent enough to fire, and killed one of her men. The cutter however soon overpowered, and took them, and put all their hands in irons. Dick, who was wounded in the leg, and two others, wounded also, were set on shore, in a wild part of the country, on the coast of Lincolnshire; and put under the care of an officer of the customs, who happened to be going his rounds in those parts. He could find no better place to put them into, than an old boat-house on the beach, where they were laid on a bundle of seaweed. There was no surgeon nearer than Wainfleet, which was above twenty miles from the place. The officer therefore thinking they were not worth the trouble of sending so far, put them into the hands of a black-smith, who was a sort of farrier; telling him they did not want any great matters of surgery: *Only get them well enough, said he, to be hanged, that is all we want.* Two of them were desperately wounded, and died, one that afternoon, the other the next morning: but Dick, though disabled by a hurt in his foot, might

have done well, if he had been carefully looked after. The black-smith came every day, after he had done his work, and dressed his wound, as well as he could, and brought him something to eat and drink. But as there was a dispute about burying the dead bodies, they were not removed till they became insufferably offensive. These dead bodies, and his own guilty thoughts, were the only company which poor Dick had for several days. Such company, such neglect, such a surgeon, so hot a season, (for it was in the middle of a sultry august) together with the very corrupt state of his blood, it may be imagined, did not contribute to the cure of his wound. Neither, I suppose, did the reflection, that as soon as he got well enough, he should certainly be hanged. His wound soon began to mortify, and grow ulcerous; in which case the black-smith had only to cut away every night, the putrid flesh, which had corrupted in the day. The coarse instrument, with which this daily business was performed, and the rough hand which performed it, put the wretched patient to intolerable pain. Patterson said, he heard his screams, though he was in a vessel, near a quarter of mile from the shore. As the wound was in his foot, it was long before the mortification seized the vital parts: but all his right leg and thigh were now
so

so putrid, and horridly offensive, that the black-smith declared, who would, might attend him, he could do it no longer. Seventeen days from his landing he lay in this shocking condition, before his miserable life was ended. What his dying agony, and despairing thoughts were, nobody could tell, as he spent all his dreadful hours by himself. All that Patterson knew farther, was, that when the farrier came one evening to give him a little food, he found him dead; and convulsed in so dreadful a way, and his features so terribly distorted, that he said, he believed the devil was in the fellow, for he did not think a human body could by any natural means suffer such distortion.

About the time of Dick's death, his sister Nan also died; who had been as miserable a wretch as he had been. As Dick had ruined his wife, she had ruined her husband. In searching the parish where Dick lived, for some farther particulars of his life, I found some, which related to his sister Nan; and I hope the reader will think, they are worth relating, as an example to others.

After the father's death, the widow and two daughters were carried, as was said, to the poor-house; where the elder died. Nan was the younger, and soon began to shew herself to be one of the most forward, impudent, nasty, lying, lazy girls of the place. She had a down-cast look, which made some people believe her to be modest; but it was only fullness, in which she abounded. At the age of thirteen, she was put out as a parish apprentice, and had the good fortune to get into a place, where her master and mistress were well disposed to be kind to her, and give her good instruction. But, like her brother Dick, she did not improve the opportunities God gave her. As she grew older, she grew worse.

Her master would often say, Consider, Nanny, that every thing has its beginning; and among other things, wickedness. The devil first tempts young people to little sins. When they have gotten this lesson perfectly, he proceeds to tempt them to greater.—But such good advice, and much more, was thrown away upon Nan. Every year added something to her wickedness. She grew more lazy, more insolent, more a liar, and more impudent. If any of her acquaintance advised her to behave better to her master and mistress, she would d—mn them both.—What did she

she care for them. She was but a parish prentice, and could not be worse than she was—they might turn her away, if they liked. At length her behaviour became so bad, that it plainly appeared she wanted to force them to turn her away, which at last they did, being able to keep her no longer.

Thus with very little money, without character, without friends, poor Nan was left to the wide world. She did not however find that pleasure from liberty which she expected. She soon grew tired of doing nothing; for young people are much mistaken, if they think idleness is the means of happiness. None can enjoy true happiness, but by doing their duty in that station, whatever it is, in which God hath placed them.—But Nan's being unhappy herself would have been of less consequence, if she had not been a pest to others. She was a nuisance wherever she came; and was the ruin of several poor lads about the country; who were foolish enough to listen to her.

Among others, there was a young fellow, whose name was Harry Philipson. He worked with farmer Hopkins; and was as good a lad as any in the country. He was very diligent; and his master was very fond of him; and could put more trust in him, than in any lad about the house. He never
went

went to the ale-house—never used a bad word—went constantly to church—had a good coat for sundays; and allowed his poor mother a shilling a week out of his wages. But this wicked woman ruined him.

He had been at the fair, where his chief errand was, to buy his mother a cheese, and a pair of warm stockings. He had done his business—had sent away his goods by his master's waggon, and was himself returning quietly home; pleasing himself with carrying his mother the stockings, which he knew she wanted, but did not expect. At the town end he met some young fellows of his acquaintance, dringing at a *barrel of bvert*. They were joyous and merry, and began to laugh at Harry for sneaking out of the fair, without affording himself a drop of beer like a man; but buying a halfpenny worth of gingerbread, like a child. In short, they overcame his modesty by laughing at him; and he took his mug and sat down amongst them. This was the beginning of all his misfortunes. He who will do one thing against his reason, will do another. John Trueman would have acted in a different way. If they had laughed at him for sneaking out of the fair, without a drop of liquor, he would have laughed at them again, and told

† In some places, during fairs, people are allowed to sell beer without a licence, which they do in booths, or sometimes in the open air.

told them, he should hear perhaps the next morning, that they had not been able to get out of the fair in any way. Or if he could have thought of nothing to say to them, he would have cried, Good night to you, my lads, good night to you ; and have left them. Poor Philipson, with all his goodness of heart, had not so much resolution. He was taken in ; and sat drinking among them, till he had drunk far more than he ought.

As he was returning home through the fields, in the dusk of the evening, he met Nan Atkins, who was prowling about, on purpose to way-lay some or other, whom she might accidentally meet from the fair : for her only livelihood now was the money she got from the young fellows, whom she ensnared. Here Philipson's first fatal intercourse began with this wicked, abandoned woman ; which continued to go on, partly through her threatenings, and partly through her arts. If Philipson had had the full use of his reason, when he first met her, he might have seen the wickedness, and bad consequences of such an acquaintance ; and might have escaped. But liquor had put the fear of God out of his mind ; and he was now drawn so far into her snares, that he knew not how to get out. In the mean time he became quite an altered man. He used to make shuffling excuses to his master for neglecting his business. He learned bad words from his
bad

bad companions. Instead of going to church on Sundays, he used to prowl about the forest with Nan. All the money he could earn she got from him. His poor mother used to wonder what was the matter with Harry. He never came near her; and she had not received a farthing from him for several weeks.

Nan had now lived seven or eight months in this vagabond way, when the parish officers made it necessary for her either to go to Bridewell, or to choose which of her lovers (for she had all the idle young fellows of the country after her) she would take for a husband. She fixed at length on poor Philipson, and threatened him into a marriage.

She was now a married woman; and if she had repented of her sins, and changed her heart and life, and done her duty as she ought, she might yet have done well. Her husband had always been an industrious young fellow, and though she had of late corrupted him, yet he was still well disposed, if she had done her part. She too had good hands, and might have been a prudent wife, and a useful woman, if she had pleased. But all these opportunities, which God put in her power, she threw behind her.

On his marriage with this bad woman, Harry took a little cottage among a few houses that stood by the common field. He still worked with his old master, farmer Hopkins,

and

and determined to make up for his lost time. But he soon found how unequally he was matched. When he came home from his day's work, instead of finding a bit of victuals; a clean fire-side; and a chearful look, he would find his door perhaps locked; and Nan gone, nobody could tell where; or perhaps he would find her drinking tea with two or three hussies, as nasty, as idle, and as wicked, as herself; and eating up perhaps the only remains of victuals in the house. Harry would sit down, and looking about him, would ask, if she had not got a bit of victuals for his supper? Nan would perhaps d—n him; and bid him look into the cup-board. If there was any thing there, he might take it: if not, she could not get victuals without money. Sometimes also Harry would see a bit of a nasty gauze cap; or a yard of ribbon; or a tawdry hat lying about. In short, all the money which he got at work, and which she continued to get from him, went either in eating, or in buying finery. The poor fellow got little of it himself, and a poor, miserable, neglected child, still less.

All this hurt poor Harry the more; because when he went into Robin Jones's cottage, which was next to his, he saw every thing neat, and comfortable. Robin had three children; and though he had no more to live on than Philipson, yet Betty Jones
always

always kept them neat, and tight ; their heads were always clean, and well combed ; their hands and faces washed ; and their poor little coats were never ragged, though they were patched with clouts of twenty different colours : they always however looked rosy, and healthy ; and every body saw at once that their mother took great care of them. — The house too was as clean as the children. Both the tables shined like a looking glass : the chairs were well rubbed ; and the dresser always clean scowered with white sand. On the shelves stood half a dozen bright pewter plates ; and as many earthen plates. Two of them indeed were broken ; but as they stood on the broken parts, they looked nearly as well as the others. They were meant only for shew ; for beneath them stood a row of well-scowered wooden platters, which the family eat off. There were several pots also, and pans, and bowls, and wooden spoons, all ranged in proper order ; and all clean. But the best piece of furniture was a clock, which stood in the corner, opposite the door. They had bought it soon after they began house-keeping, at madam Stephens's sale. It was that clock which stood in the servant's hall. On one side of the clock, hung a picture of the king, in a fine red coat, laced with gold, and a crown upon his head. On the other side hung the queen, in a purple gown, with a crown likewise. Many ballads also hung about

about in several places; but all neatly pasted to the wall. In the corner, by the side of the clock, stood a broom, which was never weary, tho somewhat worn out, with sweeping. If the children, or the pig, or the dog, brought in the least dirt, up it got, and swept all into the hearth in a moment. Poor Philipson would come into this neat cottage in an evening, when he was locked out of his own, and would find his neighbour Robin sitting down to a mess of warm broth, or a bit of hot bacon, and greens: Ah! Robin, Robin, he would say, how happy a man should I be, if my dame was like your's: but I got wrong at first, God forgive me! and I have suffered for it ever since. From looking into such a cottage as this, when Harry went into his own, he was struck to the heart. There he saw every thing slovenly and dirty. The table was always swimming with some nasty slop. There was never a chair to sit down on: the little things which Harry had got into his house on their marriage, were all broken, or destroyed.

All that poor Harry could do, to bring his wife to a better mind, he attempted. He coaxed her, and treated her kindly. Why now, Nanny, he would say, cannot you keep your house as clean, and neat, as Betty Jones keeps her's? Don't you think, there would be more comfort, and happiness in it? You know, Nanny, I bring you home all I earn;

earn; and one might expect a little comfort for it. But one can hardly sit down, or lay one's hat on a table, without getting into some nastiness. If Nan happened to be in better temper, she would tell him, he was not so clean, that he needed to fear a little dirt. Or if she was in a bad temper, which was commonly the case, she would d—n him, (with which language she generally began her speeches) and bid him go to Bet Jones's, if he liked being there so well.—All attempts to reclaim her were however in vain. She grew worse, instead of better; and confounded and ruined every thing. Poor Harry, in the mean time, could not even buy a jacket for himself; but went about, one of the raggedest poor fellows in the parish.—Some of the neighbours used to say, that Nan drank. How that was, I do not know. She came to dramming afterwards; but I do not find that she had yet begun.

Poor Harry was at length, however, quite tired out. He could bear her wicked ways, and ill usage no longer. Instead therefore of giving her all he earned at the week's end, and coming home in an evening, he kept his money in his pocket, giving her only a part; and went to the alehouse, when he came from his work.

This was certainly making bad worse. Young fellows cannot be too careful before they marry; but when they are married, they must

must bear it as an evil they have brought on themselves; and must make the best of it. Harry's new way of life, of course, was the cause of new misery. While he brought Nan all he earned to lay out on herself, things did not come to the worst. But when she was put to allowance, and felt herself pinched, she raged like a wild beast. Not that I blame Harry for putting her thus to allowance: all I blame him for, was spending his money at the ale-house: for drinking never did any man good; or made him happier in whatever way he was miserable. If he drink for comfort, he never finds it. When he is drunk, it is true, he does not feel the misery he wished to forget: but when he is sober again, his misery is increased. It happened so on this occasion. Harry's cottage, which was wretched before, became now a scene of horror. Whenever he came home, Nan attacked him with all the virulence of foul language, which generally ended in blows. Harry only defended himself, if he had any remains of reason left: but sometimes he was quite drunk; and would then give her a sound drubbing. Many a time the neighbourhood was alarmed with cries of murder; and he has been found by the neighbours perhaps holding her back by her hair; or she standing over him with a butcher's knife, swearing a thousand horrid oaths, that she would stick it into him: while the poor child was screaming with terror, and ready to fall

fall into fits. In one of these horrid encounters they both suffered great damage. Harry lost an eye by the edge of an iron candlestick, which Nan threw at his head; and she, in the scuffle, fell against the corner of a table, and received a very bad bruise upon her breast. All the neighbours however pitied poor Harry; and some advised him to go to a justice, and swear the peace against her. But Harry would not consent.

One day however, as he was lamenting his misfortunes to his neighbour Robin Jones; I think verily, said Robin, if you will follow my advice, we can mend her, if we cannot cure her. So he mentioned the scheme he had in his head to Harry, who approved it. Well then, said Robin, the next time she is obstropulous, only go to the door, and whistle.

An opportunity soon happened. Nan was *obstropulous* the next morning. It was Saturday; and as Harry was going out to work, Nan began by calling him a lousy villain, and threatened with an oath to beat out his brains, if he did not bring home all the money he received for his week's pay. Harry seeing the storm beginning to rise, stepped to the door, and whistled. Robin, who knew the sign, instantly came in with a good cord in his hand. They then seized poor Nan by her arms; and having pinioned her, tied her tight to an old elbow-chair; and

and then fastened the chair to the wall. Now, says Harry, I'll leave you there, Nanny, to cool a little. So he carried the child to Betty Jones, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and went to his work. Nan yelled terribly: but as all the neighbourhood knew the cause, and came to the window only to laugh at her; she was tired at last with screaming for the entertainment of her neighbours, and sat sullen. Harry seldom came from his work, till the evening; but on this occasion he came home at breakfast time. Well, Nanny, said he, if you will promise to be good, I'll loose you, and you shall have some victuals. Nan was sullen. She would not speak; but only spit at him, and made faces. Just as you like, said he, Nanny: so he locked the door again, and went to his work.

At dinner-time he returned. Nan had then found the use of her speech: but only to abuse him for a cursed villain, intending, as she supposed, to starve her to death. Many of the neighbours coming in, and mocking her, Harry was inclined to let her loose. But Robin Jones whispered him in the ear, You fool, if you do, we have done no good yet. So Harry contented himself with saying, All the neighbours, Nanny, can witness, that I offer to let you loose, and give you victuals, If you will only promise to be good. —How can you make her promise any such thing,

thing, said Jenny Sloper; we all know what a quiet, good creature she has always been; and what a wicked fellow you have been to her. Never fear, Nan, we'll bear witness for you.—I have often heard, said Nanny Bates, of being bound to peace, and good behaviour; but I never saw it till now.—But neither the kind speeches of her husband, nor the taunts of her neighbours, had any effect on Nan. She sat sullen, and only spit at them, or made faces. So Harry locked up the door once more; and went to his work. When he returned at night, Nan continued still untractable. He offered to loose her. He offered her victuals. She was quite sullen. So he sat quietly down to his supper; and between every mouthful asking her deliberately, if she would be good? or, what pleasure she could take in being so *obstrepulous*? he made an end of his meal; and taking the candle to go up stairs, Well, Nanny, said he, good night to you; I am sorry you will not behave better.—He had determined however at any rate not to keep her tied up all night: but just to try this one more expedient. Nan however not knowing his intention, and fearing the worst, was at length subdued; and as he was going up stairs, called out; You may loose me, if you will, Harry, who had not heard so meek a note from her a long time, came down, and asked her, if she intended now to be good? On receiving

receiving a milder answer, than he expected, he immediately loosed her. Nan burst into a flood of tears, in a sort of hysteric fit; and Harry was terribly afraid he had gone too far. However, after taking a little victuals, and drink, she recovered: but was very sullen, and said little or nothing.

The next morning, when Harry went to his work, Nan went to justice Wilson, and made oath of the usage she had suffered. Sir Thomas was very angry; he had never heard of such a thing before; and resolved to make an example of poor Harry. So he appointed ten o'clock the next morning to inquire into the matter, and ordered several of the neighbours to attend. But when he had found out all the truth, he changed his mind; and told Nan, he did not much like interfering between man, and wife; and advised her husband, and her to make the matter up. Sir Thomas however called Harry privately; and told him, It was very true, his wife had given him great provocation; but still, said he, I do not approve the method you took. You had better have brought your complaint to me; and I would have bound her over: and if she could not have found bail, as I suppose she could not, I should have sent her to Bridewell. There are separate cells now, in which bad people are kept, without being allowed to speak to any body. These places soon bring them to reason. Harry promised

mised Sir Thomas, he never would tie her up again; but begged his worship would be so good, as not to mention his having found fault with him.

It was a fortunate thing however for Harry, that Nan went to the justice; for she now found there was no remedy: and though she continued still very bad—neglected her husband—her child, and her house; yet she never broke out into that violence of temper, which she used to do. If ever any thing of that kind appeared, Harry quieted her immediately by going to the door, and threatening to *whistle for Robin Jones*.

But though Nan was better as to the violence of her temper, yet there are so many kinds of wickedness, which bad people run into, that they are never at a loss. It was about this time, I believe, that Nan took to drinking. I have heard, that she was given to it before: but from the best accounts I can gather, I rather think, as I have already observed, she did not take to it till now. In bad men this vice begins often in early youth; but in women, I believe, it seldom appears so early.

At a little lonely house on the edge of the common, lived Bet Webster, a vile hussy, who kept a pot-house. Here Nan used regularly to go, sometimes taking her child, and sometimes locking it up; and here she used to carry whatever she could get, to pawn.

pawn. A pot of beer, or a glass of gin, Nan thought the greatest comfort which the world could afford. But as the continuance of this pleasure grew too expensive for her, she conceived the design of setting up a pot-house herself. Harry was much against it. He told her, he never knew a pot-house come to good; and had known three or four of them broken up within these two years. However, for peace and quietness sake, he at length consented. So with the first money they earned, they bought a couple of casks—two or three mugs—a little malt—a small firking of gin, of the smugglers; and two or three glasses with only shanks, which they got cheap, and which stood as well upon their mouths; as if they had had bottoms. The house being thus furnished as a pot-house, was presently frequented by all the roaring, idle, drinking, swearing fellows in the neighbourhood. In this shocking way of life Nan continued two months, and was a great nuisance to the neighbourhood. The gentlemen, the farmers, and the tradesmen, all complained, that their servants, and apprentices, were corrupted. At length the matter came to such an height, that spies were set upon the house; and an information on oath laid before Sir Thomas Wilson. Harry was fined five pounds; and was obliged to pay it by selling a cow and a little forest mare, which his late uncle Robert had just

left him*. This affair hurt him very much; and the more, as he had always been against their selling liquor. He had now lost ten times as much by it, as he had ever gained.

But Nan could not much longer have carried on her business, if this stop had not been put to it. The mischief she did herself, when in the violence of her temper, she fell against the edge of a table, began now to shew itself. It was a very ugly bruise; and had long been black, inflamed, and painful: but it now through neglect began to mortify, and became cancerous. Her constant gin-drinking too, had heated her blood to such a degree, as to make the evil much worse. Thus do we continually bring misfortunes and mischiefs on ourselves, which the goodness of God would never have brought upon us! Her pains, (poor wretch!) became intolerable. She had no rest either by day or night; and her stench was such, that nobody could bear to come near her. Amongst all her distresses, her bad conscience was not the least. Many a time she thought how happy she might have been, if she had acted as she ought. But all was now over. The parish-

* In the last edition of this work it was said, that Harry had *bought* the cow, and the forest mare, which appeared to me very unlikely, as I knew not how he could raise money for such a purchase. On farther inquiry, I find he did not *buy* them; but received them, as I have now stated the matter, in a *legacy*.

doctor told her, he could do nothing more for her; and she must expect to die in a little time. She would have prayed to God; but she had never prayed in all her life; and knew not how to begin. She was afraid to send for the minister, whose face she hardly knew. Her husband did all he could for her, though she had deserved so little at his hands: but nothing could ease her pains, which shot through her body: and nothing could ease her conscience, which shot through her mind. She lived about six weeks in this miserable way; and when she died, every one thought a nuisance was removed from the earth.

After her death, Harry, who had seen such a dreadful example before him, took up a new life. He left off drinking. Nobody ever saw him again at the ale-house. He got his sister Jenny, who lived with farmer Styles, to take care of his house, and child: It is surprising how that poor little wretch had survived all the ill usage it had received from its mother; but somehow or other, through the kind hand of Providence, it had grown up to be six years of age. It was yet too young to have learned a bad example from its mother: and its father, and aunt, now set it a very good one. Harry had a pair of good hands, and was very industrious—made a great deal of money—spent it all at home, as he should do; and having
paid

paid a severe price for the folly and wickedness of his youth, in being connected with that bad woman, he once more saw happy days through the blessing of God—and was an example of that great truth, (which he would often acknowledge,) that wickedness always brings its own punishment with it, even in this world; and that the poorest man may be as happy as the richest, if he will only use such means as God hath put in his power.



T H E E N D .

